

How I did thrive in this faire Ladies loue,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it *Othello*.

*Othe.* Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:  
Still question'd me the storie of my life,  
From yeare to yeare: the Battaille, Sieges, Fortune,  
That I haue past.  
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,  
Toth'very moment that he bad me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chancas:  
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,  
Of haire-breadth escapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,  
And sold to slavery. Of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my Trauellours historie.  
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,  
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,  
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,  
And of the Canibals that each others eate,  
The *Antropophague*, and men whose heads  
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,  
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:  
But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:  
Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come againe, and with a greedie care  
Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,  
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not instinctiuelly: I did consent,  
And often did beguile her of other teares,  
When I did speake of some distressefull stroke  
That my youth suffer'd: My storie being done,  
She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:  
She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,  
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.  
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,  
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my Story,  
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,  
She lou'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I lou'd her, that she did pittie them.  
This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.  
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witness it.

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.*

*Duke.* I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,  
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best:  
Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,  
Then their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you heare her speake?  
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistis,  
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,  
Where most you owe obedience?

*Des.* My Noble Father,  
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.  
To you I am bound for life, and education:  
My life and education both do learne me,  
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,  
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;  
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:  
So much I challenge, that I may professe  
Due to the Moore my Lord.

*Bra.* God be with you: I haue done.  
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;  
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.  
Come hither Moore;  
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,  
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (*Iewel*)  
I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child;  
For thy escape would teach me Tirranie  
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.

*Duke.* Let me speake like your selfe:

And lay a Sentence,  
Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Louers.  
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,  
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,  
Is the next way to draw new mischeefe on.  
What cannot be prefer'd, when Fortune takes:  
Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.  
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,  
He bears the Sentence well, that nothing beares.

*Bra.* So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,  
We loose it not so long as we can smile:  
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,  
But the free comfort which from thence he beares.  
But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,  
That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.  
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.  
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:  
That the bruiz'd heart was pierc'd through the eares.  
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' Affaires of State.

*Duke.* The Turke with a most mighty Preparation  
makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is  
best knowne to you. And though we haue there a Substi-  
tute of most allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a more  
soveraigne Mistis of Effects, throwes a more safer  
voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber  
the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stub-  
borne, and boystrous expedition.

*Othe.* The Tyrant Custome, most Graue Senators,  
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre  
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize  
A Naturall and prompt Alacartie,  
I finde in hardnesse: and do vndertake  
This present Warres against the *Ottomites*.  
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,  
I craue fit disposition for my Wife,  
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,  
With such Accomodation and besort  
As leuels with her breeding.

*Duke.* Why at her Fathers?

*Bra.* I will not haue it so.

*Othe.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor would I thererecide,

To put my Father in impatient thoughts

By being in his eye. Most Graious Duke,

To my vnfolding, lend your prosperous eare,

And let me finde a Charter in your voice

To assist my simplenesse.

*Duke.* What would you *Desdemona*?

*Des.* That I loue the Moore, to lue with him,

My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,

May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd  
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;  
I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,  
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,  
Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.  
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind  
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,  
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:  
And I a heaume interior shall support  
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

*Othe.* Let her haue your voice.

Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not  
To please the palate of my Appetite:  
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects  
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.  
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:  
And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thinke  
I will your serious and great businesse scant  
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyces  
Of feather'd *Cupid*, seele with wanton dulnesse  
My speculative, and offic'd Instrument:  
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:  
Let House-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,  
And all indigne, and base aduerfities,  
Make head against my Estimation.

*Duke.* Be it as you shall priuately determine,  
Either for her stay, or going: th' Affaire cries halt:  
And speed must answer it.

*Sen.* You must away to night.

*Othe.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i'th morning, here wee'l meete againe.

*Othello*, leave some Officer behind  
And he shall our Commission bring to you:  
And such things else of qualitie and respect  
As doth import you.

*Othe.* So please your Grace, my Ancient,  
A man he is of honesty and trust:  
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,  
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall thinke  
To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so:

Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,  
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,  
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.

*Sen.* Adieu braue Moore, y'e *Desdemona* well.

*Bra.* Look to her (*Moore*) if thou hast ties to see:  
She ha's deceiv'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.*

*Othe.* My life vpon her faith. Honest *Iago*,

My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee:

I prythee let thy wife attend on her,

And bring them after in the best aduantage.

Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre

Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction

To spend with thee. We must obey the time. *Exit.*

*Rod. Iago.*

*Iago.* What said thou Noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, think'st thou?

*Iago.* Why go to bed and sleepe.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

*Iago.* If thou do'st, I shall neuer loue thee after. Why

thou silly Gentleman?

*Rod.* It is sillynesse to lue, when to lue is torment:

and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is

our Physicion.

*Iago.* Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world

for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish

betwixt a Benefit, and  
knew how to loue him,  
drowne my selfe for to  
change my Humanity.

*Rod.* What should  
be so fond, but it is

*Iago.* Vertue? A fig  
thus, or thus. Our Bo  
our Wills are Gardine  
tels, or sowe Lettice:  
Supplie it with one ge  
many: either to haue  
red with Industry, wh  
thoritie of this lies in  
had not one Scale of I  
alitie, the bloody, and  
conduct vs to most p  
haue Reason to coole  
Stings, or vnbitted L  
call Loue, to be a Sect

*Rod.* It cannot be

*Iago.* It is meere a  
of the will. Come, be  
Cats; and blind Puppi  
and I confesse me kno  
perdurable toughnesse  
then now. Put Mon  
Warres, defeat thy fa  
put Money in thy pur  
should continue her  
thy purse: nor he his  
ment in her, and the  
stration, put but M  
are changeable in the  
The Food that to h  
shabe to him shortl  
must change for you  
she will find the erro  
ney in thy purse. If t  
it a more delicate wa  
ney thou canst: If  
twixt an erring Barbe  
not too hard for my  
shalt enioy her: the  
ning thy selfe, it is cl  
ther to be hang'd in  
drown'd, and go with  
*Rod.* Wilt thou  
the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art su  
told thee often, and  
hate the Moore. My  
reason. Let vs be c  
him. If thou canst C  
pleasure, me a spe  
Wombe of Time, wh  
prouide thy Money.  
row. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall

*Iago.* At my Lod

*Rod.* Ile be with t

*Iago.* Go too, far

*Rod.* Ile sell all m

*Iago.* Thus do I

For I mine owne gain

If I would time exp